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UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1912. NUMBER 8.

Light rain-drops fall and wrinkle the sea,
Then vanish and die utterly.
One would not know that rain-drops fell
If the round sea-wrinkles did not tell.
So souls come down and wrinkle life,
And vanish in the flesh-sea strife.
One might not know that souls had place
Were't not for the wrinkles in life's face.
—*Sidney Lanier.*

Another "prophet of the soul" in the ripeness of eighty years, has been summoned home. Charles Gordon Ames belonged to the Oracular school of Emerson on the one hand, and the observing, open eyed, tutored-by-facts school of Herbert Spencer on the other. The discipline of the farm, the inspiration of the Free-Will Baptists, the experiences of an editor, all conspired to make a Unitarian minister whose Unitarianism was always an element in a life that overflowed and over-reached all "isms" and all names. The long ministry reaching from ocean to ocean culminated in the apostolic continuity of the work of James Freeman Clarke in Boston, the church that has initiated and conducted so many high endeavors and broad adventures of the spirit. Like his great predecessor, Charles G. Ames was a gentle reformer, as invincible as Garrison, as mild as Emerson. He was a friend as well as a helper to those "who live in the spirit." His was a grave well earned, and Boston justified the high confidence it has in the minds of the thoughtful in having given an opportunity and appreciation for so high a ministry.

The current papers in the wide publicity given to the "Socialist *defeat*" in Milwaukee seem strangely to overlook the striking Socialist *victory* in Milwaukee. When the socialists drove out of business the selfish politicians in both parties, compelled the greedy Republicans, Democrats and capitalistic workers in the interest of greed, the greed of money, the greed of fame or the greed of power, to withdraw in the interest of a combination that is pledged to a city administration on non-partisan lines, they achieved the central inspiration of Socialism. They went three-quarters of the way around their quest and the other quarter will be realized if the new administration will live up to their promises and administer the city for the benefit of the citizens and not the office holders, or political parties. If they will take prime concern for the well-being of the whole people, seventy-five per cent of which are toilers of one kind or another, and not the "prosperity" of the few exploiters of labor, not only the labor of men now living but the accumulated labor of the dead, the coined sweat of generations of toil. When the selfish partisan and the fatal partisanship are eliminated from our city government, then the kingdom of brotherhood, the Social State, will have been almost realized.

Trinity Church, of New York, is at once the most famous and in-famous conventicle in America. It is famous for the historic position it occupies, famous for the representative men it has sheltered, encouraged and sustained, famous for its location and the immense value of its real estate holdings, probably the wealthiest religious organization in the Protestantism of the United States. It is in-famous for the uses to which some of its profitable holdings are subjected, infamous for the unsanitary and inhospitable character of many of its tenement houses from which it derives large revenues. It is infamous also as some people think from the complacent exclusiveness, the dominant money aristocracy that seems to prevail among its supporters. The *Congregationalist* is right, then, when it speaks of Rector Manning's Easter appeal for free pews in this old, exclusive, wealth-ridden church, as a "bugle blast." This Episcopalian Rector, speaking to the people of Trinity Church, dealt in unpopular and unwelcome truths when he said: "When all has been said for rented pews that can be said for them, as to their keeping families together and so forth, it remains true that the system cannot be reconciled with our Lord's wish and purpose for his church. The rented seat brings into the house of God a note of discrimination and privilege which has no place there." All honor to the courage of the man who dares enunciate that most obvious and fundamental principle of religion within the pales of a church that has so continuously and *successfully* defied the principle. Commercialism is a word that carries many ominous significations into the realms of religion. It is a menace to art, literature, science, good government, and, above all, a menace to religion. A religious society that counts its strength in dollars and cents, that sells its privileges to the highest bidders, that conditions its opportunities and its fellowships on dollar conditions,

and that measures its triumphs by its revenues, may be a successful social organization, even an efficient dispenser of alms, an imposing business triumph, skillful in exploiting high music and effective oratory, but in so far as it is dominated by these commercial tests, it falls short of being a house of worship, a temple devoted to the sanctities of the eternal, universal religion, a house of "The Father." When Trinity Church turns over this new leaf a new day will dawn in its history and a new sign of progress will appear on the religious horizon.

The tyranny of the majority is made apparent in the way the recent Preferential Vote for woman suffrage in Chicago has been interpreted. Joyfully by the opponents of the cause, meekly and with a degree of suppressed disappointment by the friends of the cause. Whereas a true interpretation of that election, we believe, should carry dismay to the hearts of those who stand in the way of this next step in civilization and bring fresh and bounding courage to the hearts of those who favor it. The fact that the preferential vote was permitted at all in a great metropolis through the courtesy of the electoral judges and that the election was characterized by great courtesy and much seriousness on the part of the men, is itself an epoch making event in the history of the movement, a significant triumph. The scenes at the polls represented not the old time gallantry where men bowed their smiles and attntion to the "gentler sex," but it was something much better,—a dignified, serious recognition of a woman's right to a place at least in the discussions of civic questions and to a test at the polls. There was something much better than gallantry displayed at the last election by the men of Chicago, it was comradeship, fellowship, partnership, and neighborly recognition of equals. The seriousness of the proposition was recognized by press and people. And the returns! Think of it! Just the first trial, an amateur campaign, in the preparation for which there was but little educational work done! The first trial which was scarcely taken seriously by the majority of men because other exciting questions where votes would count immediately, absorbed their attention, but still under these circumstances it was two to one on the first trial, taking the city throughout with its vast multitude of foreign people, who by inheritance and religious training and influence would naturally be conservative on this subject. While in the more intelligent and Americanized wards, it was, in the language of the card table, "a drawn game," and one more election duly prepared for in these sections would unquestionably show a handsome majority for the suffrage cause. The last and perhaps the most important and happy result was the education of the women themselves. In Chicago at least the women have now developed the lay of the enemies' lines, they have discovered the strategic points of attack. They will waste less time, money and oratory in talking to one another, making speeches to those who are already persuaded. They will recognize that it is the men who are to be converted; they are the ones to receive their attention and the men friendly to the cause will realize that it is up to them to take a hand, to help if not to lead in this high quest, this "next thing to do" in the interests of good government, political progress and human brotherhood.

We have at hand a collection of leaflets put forth by the Audubon Society, 141 Broadway, New York City, of surpassing interest to teachers, parents, ministers and children of all ages, sex and conditions. They are brief monographs on interesting birds, such as Franklin's Gull, the Cedar Waxwing, the Chimney Swift, the black-headed grosbeak, the Carolina wren, the spotted sandpiper, and most interesting of all the robin and bob-white. To this last most charming, innocent and lovely of our northern birds, there is given a Nature Study pamphlet in addition to the Audubon leaflet, written by Edward Howe Forbush. Each of these leaflets is accompanied by a beautiful colored plate and the same plate in outline in black and white that the child may exercise taste and skill in coloring after the plate furnished. Perhaps the most appealing of these leaflets is the one on the robin. What is spring without a robin? We can say with feeling out of bitter experience, what is a garden or even a corn-field without a robin to keep down the cut-worm, and still in this leaflet there is a gruesome story from so indisputable a witness as Professor P. P. Claxton, the present head of the Department of Education at Washington, of the wholesale slaughter of the robins in their winter roosting place to the southward; by the use of blinding light in the night the poor birds were caught with clubs and by hands, three or four hundred birds representing a single night's work, and sold to gourmands as a delicacy of the banquet table. The ghastly work is as gruesome from the economic as from the humane standpoint, as the growing depredations of the cut-worm in northern gardens and corn-fields amply testifies. Professor Henry Oldys, under date of April 11, 1912, issues through this same society some current items concerning birds which tell us that the male Bird of Paradise is in full plumage only at breeding time and that this rare species is on the verge of extinction. The Aru Island of New Guinea, where only they are found, is now well nigh denuded by the women who display these feathers. It also tells us that the German protection of the Woodpecker keeps the forests in exceptionally vigorous growth because the injuring in-

sects are kept down, but it also sets forth the gruesome news that the shoes in Paris this season are being decorated with brilliant plumage, gummed on to the leather, the buckles concealed by little pivots of aigrettes. These leaflets also bear testimony to the depredations committed in the bird world by the murderous domestic cat, which is placed among the bird killing vermin. The time is coming when the affections of intelligent children, kind hearted women and prudential men, at least in the country, must decide between the beautiful and melodious bird and the indulgent purring but heartless and silent cat. We hope that every teacher who reads this notice, aye, and every mother, too, particularly if they live in the country, will send to the Audubon Society for a handful of these leaflets.

The Contribution of the Titanic to Civilization.

Another visitation of the "angels with ugly faces" of which Emerson speaks, has touched civilization with heavenly benedictions. It is another step through darkness into light. A revelation of the overruling Providence that "maketh the wrath of men to praise Him"; another comment on the text: " 'Tis better to go to a house of mourning than to a place of feasting." It is strength through sorrow, a manifestation of life that defies death.

This demonstration of the triumph of ordinary common human nature over the terrors of the deep, is a revelation of the native nobility of human nature when touched by training, culture and social ethics revealed through the fifteen hundred or more souls, representing all grades, creeds and classes going down to their watery grave with the band playing. Here is a denial of volumes of pessimistic theology that talks about total depravity and endless hells and salvation only through a redeeming Christ. Human nature at its minimum has enough of the divine in it to refute all the theories of devils and damnations after death. Those brave men and loyal women did not die in vain for in their death they preached a gospel more liberal and noble than they perhaps could themselves understand in life. As that band played standing knee-deep in water, the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" there were no Presbyterians or Catholics, no Christians or Jews, no heretics or orthodox to vaunt their creeds or to exploit their idiosyncrasies. They were simply human children of the same infinite Father, bound by indissoluble ties to the living and the dead.

And then what a noble contribution to sociology! How the confusions of life were cleared! and the things that are more excellent came to the front. Life on land and on sea has been made more safe than ever before by this disaster. Never again will reckless greed of time and profit steam through the dark in defiance to the ice mountains that have always been the known terror of the deep. Never again will ship management so trust the unsinkability of any man-made structure as to venture upon the high seas with life saving appliances for only one-third of the humanity for whose life it has become responsible. Never again will that crowning triumph of modern science, that enabled the sinking vessel to send a cry across sixty miles of space which was heard so distinctly by the Carpathia that she immediately changed her course and sent the response: "I am coming," be entrusted to a single operator, leaving no human ear at the ocean's mouthpiece for hours at a time. Ten minutes later and the boy operator of the Carpathia would have been in bed, and seven hundred more lives would have entered into the costly lesson.

So much richer, safer, wiser, is humanity after that Sunday night that one can hardly begrudge the cost. Those who went down so nobly, teaching thereby lessons so precious, deserve the congratulations of their less fortunate survivors who may give their remaining years, be they long or short, to less valuable ends.

How the story of the Titanic cheapens the luxury, rebukes the indulgences and checks, for the time at least, the hot pursuit of gold which in the last analysis was the undoing of the great ship, the wrecking of so many homes, the trying of so many lives.

He who deliberately chose to take the three oranges and leave behind him the three hundred thousand dollars in currency and securities, chose wisely. Well did he say: "The presence of the money on my dresser seemed insolent." And the unknown fathers, or perchance mothers, who tossed their babies into the departing boats, threw them unwittingly into the maternal arms of humanity, the waifs of the sea are the wards of the land. Orphaned on the water it becomes the state, nay, somewhere hungry hearts of women and men to become foster mothers and fathers, to the little ones who have been welcomed into the larger home circle.

After all, the fate of these travelers on the Atlantic is not so very peculiar. All men and women are passengers on board of a greater Titanic, and sooner or later, for the most part at an expected hour, the ship will sink beneath the feet of everyone. When that dread hour comes may it be met by all the survivors with the same fortitude, courage and trust as that which made the sinking of the Titanic sublime. May we all go down to the music of "Nearer, My God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee."

A Boy Scout Murderer.

We have again and again, editorially and otherwise, commented upon the evil influences of the Boy Scout movement. We told these friends who tried to whitewash the movement, that "training a child in the handling of murderous weapons is bound to arouse a bullying and murderous spirit, no matter how much care may be taken to prevent.

The correctness of this judgment is proved by a frightful incident which has lately occurred in New York City. A group of nine-year-old boys was playing on a sand-wagon. Twelve-year-old Maitland Jarvis, a member of the McClellan Boy Scouts, which has headquarters in the basement of a church, objected to the manner of play indulged in by these little lads. He ordered them off the wagon, and when they refused to comply, promptly shot and killed one of the little boys who had the temerity to "disobey orders." He then calmly went and joined his Boy Scout friends, and never even told his parents about the trifling incident of the killing of the little victim until he was taken out of bed and put under arrest.

He then astonished the authorities with a brazen confession of his guilt. He claimed justification because the boys had disobeyed his order and ridiculed him, and the only emotion he showed was that of astonishment that fault should have been found with him and that he should have been put into confinement.

The coroner and the detectives said: "He is not a boy. He is a young soldier and is fully responsible for his actions."

However, bad as the case may seem, we agree with Mr. Luckhardt, the father of the boy who was killed, that not the Jarvis boy should be indicted, but the movement which created him.

Mr. Luckhardt says: "This Boy Scout nonsense puts notions of war, killing and fighting into the children's heads. There should be no miniature armies of boys. It is absurd."

It is worse than absurd, Mr. Luckhardt. It is criminal, and we believe that at least some of those who are fostering and promoting the Boy Scout movement understand its true object: To lure, with drums parades, camp fires and outings the children of the workers from their homes, so that they may be trained as prospective suppressers of the working class. (*From The Masses* for *May*, 1912, *a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the working people.*)

Charles G. Ames

Rev. Charles G. Ames, whose going from us, although at so ripe an age and after so long an illness deeply touches Boston's heart, was a pronounced American. It might be said of him as unreservedly as Lowell said it of Lincoln, whom Dr. Ames loved so profoundly, "nothing of Europe here." He was a most indigenous man and smacked of our soil. He was, too, a most national American, free from every sectionalism and provincialism, with sympathies as broad as the prairies and purposes as high and white as the Sierras. He began his preaching life in Ohio; he lived for years in Minnesota; his first Unitarian pastorate was in Illinois, and there were subsequent chapters in Albany, Cincinnati, California and Philadelphia. There were thus few parts of the country where he was not thoroughly at home. But we here remember proudly and lovingly today that he was emphatically a New Englander, and at the first and at the last belonged to Boston. Within the limits of the present Boston he was born; on a New Hampshire farm in the Merrimac Valley his boyhood was spent; while still a very youth we find him preaching under the shadow of Chocorua, and he goes back to that beautiful region in the late summer of his life to play with a farm among the hills. The ministry by which he will be chiefly remembered is the long Boston pastorate. The first quarter of the life belonged to New England and the last quarter wholly to Boston.

Following Dr. Hale at an interval of but three years, Dr. Ames was the last figure in a great Unitarian group. There was no other in the group whose mind had in its very texture more of New England transcendentalism. There was no other quite so Emersonian. A hundred of his sermons were almost Emerson essays. He had Emerson's firm and quiet faith, his penetration and poetry of nature, his wit and humor and sententiousness, his gift for homely illustration, his buoyant optimism and his democracy. He recognized in all, as he himself once said, his brothers and sisters; and his heart was so full of love that his impulse was not simply to shake hands with men, but to throw his arms around them. His mind was as original and full of surprises as Dr. Bartol's, whose last home was just across Chestnut street from Dr. Ames's own last home. But his life was as steady and serene as it was surprising. One of his volumes is called "Sermons of Sunrise," another "As Natural as Life," another "Living Largely." It was a sunny and a shining life, a natural life and a large life which Boston and the country remember so gratefully today. It was a life devoted to religion and to the commonwealth. No man was more interested in affairs. He was early an abolitionist; he had Lincoln at his table in Bloomington when he was minister there, and when three years ago he reprinted, unchanged, 50 years afterward, the sermon which he preached in Bloomington when John Brown was hanged, we found that he had dealt with that critical episode at the height of the excitement with the firm judgment of the historian as well as the glow and insight of the prophet.

Of his fidelity and courage in the great industrial and political issues of these recent years it is superfluous to speak, for his ringing words are in our ears. He hated our new and un-American militarism and imperialism with a holy hatred. Politics was to him as religious as to the Puritan. When the New Voters' Festivals were inaugurated a dozen years ago at Faneuil Hall, he gave the festival the noblest name it ever had, that of "a political consecration service;" and from the first for as many years as he was able, he was always present there to lead the impressive gathering of young men in repeating the historic old Freeman's Oath of our Massachusetts fathers: "I do solemnly bind myself that I will give my vote and suffrage as I shall judge in my own conscience may best conduce to the public weal, so help me God."

His conspicuous place in those New Voters' Festivals best expresses to many of us who remember his impressive words and presence there the consecrated spirit which he brought into our politics and society. His religious spirit is equally well summed up in the simple covenant which he prepared for one of his own congregations, and whose beauty and sufficiency were so instantly recognized by thousands that they in their churches have made it their covenant too: "In the freedom of Truth and the spirit of Jesus Christ we unite for the worship of God and the service of Man." It is doubtful whether in all this modern time any other covenant for a congregation of religious men joining together to help turn earth into heaven has been created so simple, so comprehensive and so satisfying as this. A life giving us this memorable word alone would have been a life of great service. The word was but one flowering of the opulent, consecrated and aspiring life of Charles G. Ames, a life devoted hopefully and believingly from beginning to end to what another has called skeptically "the foolish attempt to make the world over," to the endeavor to establish on earth the kingdom of God.—*Edwin D. Mead, in the Boston Herald.*

Clara Barton

An Address At Her Funeral, by Rev. William E. Barton, D. D., Pastor First Congregational Church, Oak Park, Chicago

The world's wars are fought by men, and they redound to the glory of manhood. Poets and historians sing for us in all ages, "I sing of arms, and the man." There is one side of war whose sole historian is the recording angel—the sorrows, the sacrifice and the heroism of women. Every bullet that penetrates the flesh of man finds somewhere the heart of a woman.

"The maid that binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her glittering lash,
One pearly tear drop hangs and trembles—
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And fame can never know its story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.
The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
And breathes one earnest prayer and brief—
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor."

Two Massachusetts women, both of whom lived past the age of ninety exemplify the honorable share of women in the great war for the freedom of slaves. Julia Ward Howe had a vision of the spiritual significance of the conflict and she gave that vision to inspire the men who fought. She saw it through flame and smoke, but her eyes beheld the glory of the coming of the Lord. Her song put ardor into their fighting. But Clara Barton had another vision. It was a vision of the awful suffering which war brings. Ere the echo of the guns had died down she sought the battle-field, and ministered to the wounded and the dying. Men who lay in agony in the dark, suffering from the pain and the gun-shot thirst, saw in her lantern the shining of a star of hope, and they drank new life from the cup she held to their parched and suffering lips. Men listened for her footfall on the hospital floor as for the sound of sweet music. Into the midst of men who late had been fighting with all the fury of demons, she came like an angel of mercy. When peace returned she sought out the graves of the unknown dead, and brought tidings to those whose mourning had added to it the cruel sorrow of uncertainty. As she had brought the ministry of home to the battle-field, so she brought tidings of battle-field to the home. Tens of thousands of soldiers and their friends blessed and still bless the name of Clara Barton.

Miss Barton inherited a good name, a name borne in honor by many a soldier of the Revolution; the name of the man who gave us the United States seal, and who substituted for the rattlesnake with thirteen rattles, the National Emblem of the American Eagle. She was a soldier's daughter and she had a soldier's spirit but she never ceased to be womanly. In all that she saw of hate and cruelty she never became anything less than a lady, a sweet-spirited, modest, gentlewoman.

I live in the earnest hope of universal peace. It is a frightful thing that 1900 years after the coming of the Prince of Peace, men and nations should engage in wholesale murder. But bad as war is and terrible as the evils that accompany it, it has served to bring some fine qualities into the life of the race. It stands as an expression of loyalty that does not count the cost: for sacrifice that can be faithful unto death.

"When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward slinks to death, the brave live on."

We have need to guard by gentler means but with no less devotion the principles that were fought for and purchased for us by the blood of brave men. Our enemies without are not those we need to fear. Ours are like those within Troy's wooden horse, welcomed within our gates. Well may we take to heart the lessons of Byron's lament over Greece—

"Clime of the unforgotten wave
Whose land from shore to mountain cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave—
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all is left of thee?
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave!
Say, is not this Thermopylae?

These waters blue that round her lave,
O servile offspring of the free,
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
'Twere long to tell and sad to trace
Each step from glory to disgrace.
Enough, no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul till from itself it fell."

We need some peaceful but potent ideal that shall have the moral value of war. We need a new leaf of the nation's blood like that of 1861 to build within us our faith in democracy, and to demonstrate the safety and efficiency of government by the people. I do not underrate the work which men must do in peace and war to preserve unsullied the glory of our heritage. To men belong, and ever must belong, I think, the larger sphere of public action. I am less interested in securing larger privilege for women—though I gladly favor that—than I am in rousing the manhood of our nation to its full responsibility. We cannot safely permit our manhood to sink its moral responsibility in commercialism and load larger burdens upon womanhood. But I say these words on manhood in parenthesis, and by way of guarding from the appearance of one-sidedness the tribute which on this day I gladly pay to womanhood.

There are some revelations of the worth of sacrifice which men understand only in a vague, remote and masculine way, but which are fully known to women. When Mary broke the alabaster box over the head of her Lord, she did a thing which no man would ever have thought of. Judas misunderstood through the baseness of his motive but all the other apostles misunderstood. Women understand that incident. Even had women given their all for love's sake; and good women understand by intuition the glory of a love that does not count the cost. That is the secret of the love of motherhood. That is the secret of such service as that of Clara Barton. And that love is courageous. A hundred times—not less—men have said to me, "This will crush my poor wife"—and behold, she has met the terrible tragedy with courage greater than his own. Women who lived near the battle-fields knew that. I have talked with scores of them, all over the southland. And I see the tribute of those women here among the flowers. How eloquent are these flowers! And how appropriate! Here are the rich red roses—they, most of all are hers. For red was always her color; and the red rose has been blazoned with the boar's head on the Barton crest ever since the Wars of the Roses. Far back in its early home in Lancashire the Barton family wore the red rose. We will drop red roses in her grave when we say "Dust to dust." They are dust—beautiful dust. The red roses are hers. But the lilies are hers—symbol of purity and immortality. And the daffodils are hers—symbol of quiet courage rising supreme through obstacles. How she lifted her cause again and again through frozen and forbidding soil! And the violets are hers—symbol of modesty—for she was a wonderfully modest little woman—though never lacking in a quiet determination. And the palms are hers—emblem of victory. And beside all these are the southern magnolias—the tribute of southern womanhood; for she tenderly cared for the boys in gray as truly as for those in blue. We crown her with them all. For this is the day of her coronation. Such lives as hers teach the world a lesson which it must never be permitted to forget—namely that this wealth of human life is not in what it gets but what it gives. What you get will soon be gone though you live for ninety years. But what you give—that, if anything, must constitute your right to immortality. It is the only way in which really earnest men ever estimate life—their own and others. It is the only way to judge of the success of the soldier, the artist, the poet, the singer, the preacher—or even the man of wealth. There is not in all Christendom a tombstone which bears the dollar sign as its message of the significance of life: but ten thousand monuments bear to the skies the cross—symbol of service and of sacrifice. And lives like this illustrate the meaning of the symbol translated with terms of personal character.

The apostle James asks, "What is your life? It is even a vapor which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." But the vapor fell to earth as a pearly raindrop, which watered the root of a flower. And then by subterranean channels flowing, broke forth in a spring and flowed singing to the sea. It made the flower more beautiful; it bore great ships on their trackless journey. It vanished away; but when it rose in mist it was fragrant with its act of ministry, and the glory of the burdens it had borne grew radiant as the sun poured through its sevenfold prismatic splendor. There are lives like that. They fall from heaven, and flow through the years from infancy to age gladdening and brightening all life; and when they vanish the rainbow spans the grave, and its further end reaches the golden pavement of the city of God.

Clara Barton received in her lifetime such honors as perhaps came to no other American woman of her generation. At home and abroad great men did her reverence, and kings spoke her name with gratitude. The battle of Santiago had been fought. San Juan Hill was ours. Cervera's fleet was at the bottom of the sea. The city was ready for the tread of the conqueror. What ship first bore our flag into the harbor? Not the flagship New York, with Admiral Sampson on board. Not the cruiser Brooklyn commanded by the gallant Schley. Not the Texas, with brave Captain Jack Philip in command. But it was another Texas—the supply ship which by chance bore the same name. Admiral Sampson sent a pilot aboard her, and she led the way. All the ships of war anchored outside the harbor while the relief ship entered the harbor ahead. Not with the booming of cannon; not with the shout of victory, but with the singing of Christian hymns, and the outstretched hand of help. Never before in the history of warfare was there triumphal entry such as this. Above floated the stars and stripes, but high above that floated the Red Cross—the cross of peace, good will and loving service in the spirit of the Christ. That ship for which the whole American Navy made way was commanded by a little woman—and that woman was Clara Barton.

This was a prophecy, I think, of what we yet may see. The tumult and the shouting die. The sound of the guns grows faint and ceases—but heroism does not die. Love and loyal service do not die.

High over all the flags of nations flies the banner of loving sacrifice, and the color of that flag is red with the life of all who serve, and its eternal emblem is the Cross.

Little Talks With Myself.

"Thou Shalt Not Steal."

The other day I was in a company of men who listened to an address by a representative of the "North American Civic League for Immigrants." The speaker told of the way immigrants are often plundered when they reach our shores because of their lack of knowledge of our customs and inability to speak our language. He spoke of the fact that in some of the mills where these people find work they are not known by name—simply by number. He pointed out the inadequacy of present facilities for educating them, particularly for teaching the adults English. He urged that our failure to properly care for these people, to protect them from exploitation, to secure for them means of education and time for study is culpable, and he insisted that we are directly responsible for the distrust and dissatisfaction in their hearts which make them so susceptible to the appeals of Syndicalists and Socialists and other agitators. His league, he said, is a mission to these immigrants, and he sought to interest his hearers in it and enlist them for its promotion.

In the discussion which followed one of the men said he thought what was needed was a mission to the rich. The chief ills from which the immigrants suffer, he said, are those which come from their exploitation by the rich for purposes of profit. He intimated that there is misunderstanding of the meaning of the command, "Thou shalt not steal."

I was interested, and decided to talk it over with myself. After I had stated the facts, as above, myself said:

It's a question of honesty, then, isn't it?

I. Yes.

M. And what is honesty?

I. Refraining from taking what belongs to another.

M. That's about the general idea. What is the reason for honesty?

I. To safeguard the rights of property.

M. Has property any rights?

I. Why no! but people have a right to be protected in holding their property.

M. Has a thief a right to be protected in holding his property?

I. 'Tisn't his. He has stolen it.

M. What is stealing?

I. Taking something that belongs to another.

M. Then is it not stealing to take simething from a thief?

I. Why—yes! I suppose I may not take anything for my own use without giving an equivalent, even from a thief.

M. Would you change your definition of stealing, then?

I. Yes, stealing is taking something that does not belong to me.

M. That is better. But how, then, will you honestly get anything that belongs to someone else,—anything that you have not produced by your own effort, from material in your own possession?

I. I will exchange what I have produced, or its equivalent, for what he has produced.

M. Good, and on what basis,—honest basis?

I. Well! I suppose I shall have to give him for what has cost him labor something that has cost a fair equivalent of my labor.

M. I think so. Then in the matter of exchanging material things—the subject matter of all business—the essential quality of honesty is that you give, in fair equivalent, the product of your personal effort when you take the product of another's personal effort: and the essential quality of stealing is that you take what does not belong to you.

I. I think so.

M. Then if I raise potatoes and you make shoes what will an honest basis of exchange be?

I. The labor I put into the shoes must be a fair equivalent for the labor you put into the potatoes.

M. Suppose that you are a musician who gives a concert that I attend, and I am a blacksmith who shoes your horse.

I. Why! the labor you expend in my service must be a fair offset for the labor I expend in your service.

M. And if you are the mistress of a home and I the servant girl who sweeps your floors?

I. That is different from the others. Probably my husband will make the effort, do the work that is a fair equivalent for the service you give.

M. Because you are the mistress of a home are you an infant, either too young or too old to give useful effort? Are you an invalid, in-valid, unable to do your fair share of the world's work? Are you an imbecile, incompetent? Or an insane person for whom society or some member of society must provide?

I. Most assuredly I am not. But my husband does not wish me to work. He wishes me to have leisure.

M . The fact that your husband is willing, or wishes, to keep you in idleness,—that is what "leisure" from useful effort is,—merely shows his unwisdom; it does not exonerate you.

I. But why should I work when my husband is able and willing to keep me in "idleness"—if you insist upon that word?

M. Because you wish to be honest.

I. But you, as my servant, get your wages,—all that you earn.

M. Ah! you are harking back to your old idea of honesty. What is your new one?

I. Honesty is giving something that costs effort when we take something that costs effort.

M. Not quite right. Your honesty—and that is the important matter with you—is giving what costs you effort fairly equivalent to the effort of another represented in what you take.

I. But I as mistress cannot give of direct service to you as servant.

M. Honesty doesn't demand that. Honesty demands, simply, that you serve, somewhere, somehow, someone, to the extent that you accept service; and that you give to those who serve you, as wages, such portion of the product of your service

as is a fair equivalent for the service you accept. In other words, *being honest is doing your fair share of the world's work.*

I. But must I always work?

M. Yes, unless you belong in one of the four "i" classes—infant, invalid, imbecile, insane.

I. But may not my money support me? May not I live upon the dividends from the business in which my money is invested?

M. So! Going to shift the responsibility for your idleness from your husband to your money, eh? Well! suppose your money is invested in a business that pays dividends, that doesn't mean that you are giving any effort to the production of the dividends.

I. Doesn't my money represent stored-up effort, labor done hitherto?

M. Admitted. And we'll admit that you may take the money and spend it in buying things that have cost other people's effort. How does that affect the fact that you are now giving no effort to this business?

I. But I am; I am denying myself the right to spend this money.

M. And is that effort,—the productive effort of which we have been speaking?

I. No, it isn't; but it enables others to use their productive effort, it gives them the opportunity to work, and therefore I am entitled to a share of their product.

M. Didn't you say that you must give the product of effort if you may take the product of effort?

I. Yes, but isn't giving the *use* of the product of effort the same thing?

M. (Smiling grimly) Certainly, if you really give the use of the thing,—relinquish completely all claim to its use for all time. Do you do that?

I. Why no, I do not.

M. Then you do not really give the use of the money any more than you give the money itself. You merely rent the use of it.

I. But may I not honestly rent the use of my money? One rents the use of a horse and buggy and thinks the transaction honest.

M. When one uses a horse and buggy he actually takes the product of labor. He returns what is of less value than what he received. Both horse and buggy have deteriorated. Both have accumulated dirt and must be cleaned. The buggy must be oiled and the horse fed. All this involves effort and the expenditure of stored-up effort, money. But when you rent to another the use of money you stipulate that you shall receive back something of exactly the same value, wholly unimpaired.

I. But I run risks.

M. What has that to do with honesty? Stick to your definition. Honesty is giving what has cost you productive effort when you take what has cost another productive effort. Running risks has nothing to do with it.

I. But the use of my money gives another man opportunity to make effort that otherwise he could not make. Am not I entitled to a share of his product?

M. Stick to your definition. You are entitled only to that for which you give what costs you effort. If you choose to let a man have the temporary use of your stored-up effort—money, that is your privilege; but it gives you no right to demand anything of him.

I. But he is willing to pay, is anxious to pay.

M. And what has his willingness to assist you to be dishonest to do with your honesty?

I. He doesn't think it dishonest.

M. Do you? That is what concerns you.

I. But everybody thinks it is right for a husband or a father to support the wife or daughter he loves in what you call idleness. And everybody, everybody thinks that it is right to take dividends, and that money earns money, and has a right to.

M. Not everybody. You and I don't,—and there are others. But if they did, it is your honesty that concerns you; and your honesty must be settled by your conscience, not "everybody's."

I. Do you mean, then, to brand as dishonest the women who allow their husbands or fathers to support them in idleness? Are all the men and women who have money invested and who accept dividends, dishonest?

M. I am not "branding" anyone,—even you. You have agreed that your dishonesty lies in taking what does not belong to you.

I. Yes.

M. You have agreed that when you take what has cost another's effort you must give what has cost you fairly equivalent effort.

I. Yes.

M. Very well! simply apply those two propositions, make your conduct square with them.

I. (Somewhat facetiously). And what has all this to do with justice to the immigrants?

M. (Looking at me rather sadly). Nothing, nothing whatever, for you—if you need to ask.

Boston, Mass. EDWIN G. BROWN.

The New Science of Eugenics

Eugenics is "the science of being well-born." Eugenists say it is possible to breed an increase of racial faculty, physical, mental, moral, spiritual. It is as easy, Dalton says, to breed thinkers and saints as to breed trotting horses.

Eugenists show by statistics there is, according to the cautious Prof. Kellicott, "an increase of the pauper, insane and criminal elements," above all a *dearth* of high thinking power. There is more knowledge today. School-boys know many things the old Greeks and Romans did not know, but in native ability, intellectual strength, do our school-boys equal those who fed on Homer, Aeschylus, and Virgil? How many men today read Plato, Aristotle, Homer, Virgil, the noblest written words of humanity?

Has mental capacity increased with the increase of education? Have we today as much intellectual courage as the old Greeks and Romans?

There must, of course, be education, but the deeper problem is to have strong minds to educate. There must be the physical constitution and mental strength, but there must be also ideas and ideals, if a people endures, and the thinkers, poets, artists, musicians, ministers must find these Ideas and Ideals. It is not enough to have a better environment, a thorough education. No, no, progress means a more healthy and beautiful body, larger intellectual faculty and *cor-*

responding Ideas and Ideals. With these there may be an infertile soil, small houses, little money, few schools, but there will be a *great people.*

The "Jukes" family numbers 1,200 descendants, all ignorant, lewd, vicious, pauper, diseased, imbecile, insane or criminal. They have cost the State of New York more than a million and a quarter dollars.

Johnathan Edwards' descendants number 1,394, of whom 295 are college graduates, 13 college presidents, 65 college professors, 100 ministers. And not a scamp among them, and they never cost the state a cent.

Shall we breed "Jukes" or "Edwards"? Eugenists say: "We must put away childish things, stand up with open eyes and face our responsibilities."

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

A Recent Notable Book

Rev. Chas. W. Wendte, D. D.

The most recent notable event in liberal religious circles in France is the publication of two books, whose tendencies would seem at first sight to be directly opposed to each other, and whose authorship in each case makes their point of view the more noteworthy. Concerning the first of these works, *L'Orientation religieuse de la France actuelle* (Armand Colin, Paris), its distinguished author, M. Paul Sabatier, not long since declared to the present writer: "I am about to publish a book which will please nobody." We fear that the author's prognostication was a true one. Yet such is the sincerity and charm of his presentation, so beautiful and gentle is the spirit he displays, that disagreement with him can never grow into disapproval, and one even feels thankful to him for calling attention to weaknesses and defects in one's own position and making possible to all a better appreciation of the spiritual problems of the present day.

M. Sabatier is a French Protestant clergyman, a Huguenot who has never renounced his allegiance to the faith and church of his fathers. Yet it has been possible to him to write the most sympathetic of biographies of the Roman Catholic Saint Francis of Assisi, and to edit his writings with assiduous devotion. It was this occupation for so many years with the career and teachings of the noblest representative of medieval piety which doubtless made Professor Sabatier so deeply interested in the modernist movement in the Church of Rome, whose ideals and aims have found in him an ardent exponent and defender. The failure of this movement, for the time being, has in nowise wrecked the hope and enthusiasm of its generous advocate. He has simply transferred his faith to the future, and dreams today, with undiminished ardor, of the *Catholicism which is to come,* which is now in process of making, and shall yet undermine and destroy the creation of clerical ambition and worldliness, the fabric of superstition and lies which has usurped the teachings of Christ in the reverence and affection of men and enfeebles the spiritual life of Christendom.

It is from this point of view that our author regards the present conditions of the religious world, especially in his own country. However impartial he may endeavor to be in his strictures and judgments, one feels that M. Sabatier is handicapped in his discussions by these two limitations—his strong Modernist sympathies, and his seeming unconsciousness that there are other countries besides France which are occupied with the religious problems of our time, and have found worthy solutions of them in a Protestant faith and worship. What is true of England, the United States, Scandinavia and Northern Germany, might surely be equally so of France, if fairly and fully tried. M. Sabatier, however, in his recent book maintains that not Protestanism, but a reformed and glorified Catholicism promises to be the religion of the future in his native country. Protestantism, French Protestantism particularly, is too much divided, too weak, too sectarian, too dogmatic, its forms too barren, and its interest in the social ideals of our time too defective to make it the just and adequate expression of the religious life of France in our day. It is Catholic Modernism, allied with Socialism and free thought, which is to become the faith and worship of the French people. We quote our author: "The question is not concerning the attitude of France ecclesiastically but religiously. The true religious movement is, in reality, developing itself outside of the churches: the author understands by religious movement those social, humanitarian, pacificist tendencies, that generous ardor of secular society which inspires the energy of the French since 1870. It is not dogmas with which France concerns itself; still less with the problems of historic or philosophic truth, but with a distant ideal of fraternity, of freedom of thought and of pure religious symbolism to which neither the official Catholicism, the dying Catholicism, dominated by a clerical party which in betraying, kills it; neither the much divided, too sectarian Protestanism, too much preoccupied with searching for the exact thought of Jesus in texts which are uncertain; neither the religious, scientific, rational, and altogether puerile, unable to give a single assurance or to cherish a single interest.

"It is for religion's sake that France at the present hour keeps itself aloof from the churches. So far as it more particularly concerns Protestantism and its relations with the soul of France, the victory of Germany, in 1870, gave it a mortal blow. During the latter days of the Empire, Protestanism was almost popular, but when the king of Prussia was recorded as returning thanks to heaven for having destroyed France, the conscience of France revolted against it. The French are not irreligious by nature, but their intellectual and social ideals since 1870 have always been superior to those of the churches. Such French Protestants as Charles Wagner and Wilfred Monad for instance, who do their utmost to 'leave graveyards behind them,' and keep in sympathetic relations with enlarging ideals, stand isolated in their own church, while the mass of citizens ignore them because they remain Protestants. The men who direct in our day, more or less consciously, the religious outlook in France, are named Bergson, Boutroux, Charles Peguy, F. Buisson, Jaurès, etc., as well as the leaders of the Catholic Modernist movement who represent the Catholicism of the morrow, alone capable with its antique symbols and the

absolute liberty of its thought to create this fraternity, universal and mystic, the supreme object of French piety. The *symbolic* celebration of the mass in a beautiful cathedral has some chance, one day, of grouping around it all the people of France, Catholic and non-Catholic."

With these conclusions of the author, Protestants, of whatever shade of opinion, are not likely to agree. Rev. Y. Emile Roberty, of the Church of the Oratory in Paris, writing in the *Journal de Geneve,* expresses his strong dissent from his personal friend and fellow-worker for a rational and spiritual Christianity. He finds the distinction made by M. Sabatier between the church and religion well taken, but asks who has done more to force this distinction than Protestantism, while in Catholicism church and religion, faith and worship are usually held to be inseparable, if not identical. He calls attention to the services rendered social, humanitarian and republican causes by the Protestants of France. Socialism and the uplift of the masses have surely no more bitter, unrelenting enemy than the Church of Rome. We might add that to hold the Protestant faith or even the Protestant church responsible for the narrow-minded piety of the king of Prussia, would be most unjust. It would be wiser, perhaps, if the French people inquired what part, if any, the Protestant spirit played in the production of the well-disciplined, well-officered, intelligent armies of Germany, and to what extent the defeat and humiliation of their own brave and patriotic hosts were due to the enfeeblement produced by centuries of Roman Catholic teaching, and the ascendency of Jesuit counsels at the court of the Tuileries. Had France been the victor in the struggle, would not the Catholic sovereigns and clergy equally have thanked God for this gracious intervention in their behalf? The truth of religion and morals is not to be deceived by such considerations, for from a religious standpoint all wars, whether successful or unsuccessful, are equally reprehensible and wrong. As for the welfare and safety of republican institutions M. Sabatier may himself be the judge whether they are more likely to be furthered by the spirit of Calvinism or of Catholicism, even of the Catholicism of a St. Francis Assisi, Switzerland, England, the United States may furnish him with illustrations.

To return to M. Roberty, he frankly admits that the existing Protestantism in France, with its divisions and strifes, its sectarianism, its inveterate rationalism, its individualistic infallibilities, is not fitted to become the religion of the future in France. But that France will rally around Catholic Modernism, seems to him still more impossible, for the simple reason that "this form of Catholicism does not exist, and the day in which it succeeds in living, and supplants the Roman form of faith and worship, we may well ask in what respect it will differ from a Protestantism which shall be more mystical, more social, more aesthetic, more devoted to the fundamental aspirations of Christianity. This Protestantism, more conformed to the soul of France, is also coming. It has its apostles who are less infrequent and isolated than M. Sabatier supposes. No earthly power can arrest the progressive development of Protestantism while, on the other hand, Catholic Modernism will always encounter in the principles of historic Catholicism an invincible obstacle.

We conclude: What the religious future of France may be, no prophet now living may venture to affirm, but that it will center around a material emblem and ceremonial act like the Mass seems to a free and rational believer, an impossibility. The "soul of France," touched with the modern spirit, will surely refuse to accept an artificial for a natural sanctity, a sacrament for a sentiment, a ceremonial act for a spiritual and moral experience, beauty instead of goodness, or a pleasurable emotion for a paramount duty. The religion of the future will be profoundly ethical and social. Character and service will be its rallying cries, God's immediate presence in the soul its divine communion, a glorified humanity its goal. The religion that is to satisfy and inspire the generations to come, will be founded not on science, or sentiment, or conscience or service, but on all these together in happy harmony and co-operation. Each will make its contribution, and from all will arise a faith and a worship which will be limited to no nation or church or tradition, but include and inspire, and perfect them all.

A Great Book

Nearly fifty years ago my predecessor at Adrian, Michigan, was Asa Mahan, the first president of Oberlin College. He was more than that, he was the first to open a college door to women—the founder of co-education in America. He had resigned his presidency in favor of the famous revivalist and preacher Charles G. Finney. Oberlin College has a glorious record. Its president is sustaining the honor of the college as a home of free thought and manly living. I have never seen the college, but next Sunday one of its graduates will talk on Industrial Education in its moral bearings, and it will be to a few friends gathered in my house at Sorrento. I have reference to Rev. Wm. J. Blackman, President of Rollins College at Winter Park. He is building up here in Florida a second Oberlin, so far as co-education is concerned, and he is keeping industrialism at the front. If you ever come to Florida, be sure to spend a few hours at Rollins. Now from Macmillian Company I am in receipt of one of the most rational books that I ever looked into; and it is the work of Reverend Henry C. King, the present president of Oberlin. I have not read this book, and I will not be driven to a hasty reading in order to review it. I have found this out, that it is really a book on rational living; that it takes us as units, and does not undertake to establish health and power by considering either body or soul alone. I have run over a few pages, here and there through the book, and I am sure that it is one of the books that ought to have been written. Every page sparkles with truth admirably expressed. If you keep it right at hand, and read in it daily, you can hardly help being a right sort of a man. I am not going to say anything more about it now, but if I can get time, will give you a page of its pithiest points.

E. P. POWELL.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

DEMOCRACY IN THE ORIENT

Again the unexpected happens! This time in ultra-conservative China whose sudden ascent into the midst of the Sisterhood of Republics is hailed with acclamation—acclamation which is one part joy, and three parts consternation.

So swift has been the movement of this national drama that our conception of the "slow-going, effete East has forthwith to be revised; and our vaunted western expeditiousness somewhat less glaringly advertised. Hardly were we apprised that the egg had been laid in which this portentous chick was incubating, ere, Presto! the shell is broken, and the ungainly yellow thing flops into the international barnyard, beating the air with important, stubby wing, and whistling cheerful greeting to the astonished, half-incredulous brood of nations.

The poor, addle-pated Oriental-Occidental Mother Goose is sore vested, whether to offer the prodigy the hospitality of her sheltering mother wing, or to peck out its beady, world-surviving eyes, she knows not, so difficult she finds it to collect her scattered wits. Questions come surging to her violently stimulated and disarranged cerebral surface in utter disregard of due order and precedence. What should be logically the initial, whence, is crowded from her lips by an insistently urgent and appallingly significant, whither. What does the appearance of this new political star in the East portend? What rearrangement of the pieces upon the international chessboard does it herald? What is its prophetic significance for Russia, Japan, Germany, England, the United States?

Each of these imperial bulls has "butted" into the distracted China-shop at one time and another, always with ostentatious proclamation of "benevolent" intent, but always with militant virtue's gains in the shape of trade or territory. Is this the beginning of the end of their Pecksniffian solicitude? Will the original China Company resume business under the new articles of incorporation? Will the alien bailiffs be dismissed and sent about their foreign business? Will the bounds of empire remain intact? and what will be the influence of the new republic upon the crusade in behalf of universal peace?

These are but a few of the questions which obtrude themselves upon the mind confronted by this extraordinary event. They are excited by facts too firmly established, and too self-evident to be disputed,—facts which are the innumerable rootlets of this great new fact which thrusts itself above the soil.

Here is a vast empire, its population running up into the hundreds of millions, its strength for the most part potential, undeveloped. Here is a people singularly patient, singularly painstaking and thorough in whatever they essay,—a people whose age-long history, whose wealth and variety of national experience, invests them with somewhat of the preternatural wisdom of a being who, untouched by death, has witnessed the slow march of ages, the rise and decay of worlds. How will these hundreds of millions of subtle, sapient folk comport themselves under the stimulus of this late-won political freedom? They are shrewd, ingenious, artistic, and withal doggedly persistent. They are distinguished for commercial instinct and talent bordering upon geniuus and they are as generous as they are frugal.

It is not to be expected that these quiet, canny, hitherto repressed and exploited folk will refrain from exercising their native powers, or abstain from the enjoyment of their fruits. With their abundance of cheap labor, their untapped wealth of natural resources, their probable swift assimilation of the industrial methods of the West, they will doubtless enter the race for commercial supremacy, and with advantages such as few of their competitors will be able to match. They will as certainly take their place in the deliberative councils of the nations with a voice whose persuasiveness time will greatly augment. Whether they will adopt the manners and customs of the Occident, or develop new social and individual types by the inevitable ceaseless variation of the ancient stock under the fresh stimulus and the changed environment remains to be seen, as does also the trend of their probably deepening influence upon the manners and morals of the world.

One thing, at least, is clear; to the many changes which this somewhat bewildered generation is fated to experience, there is to be added a change in the political center of gravity of the world. We have reached the close of a cycle, and the pivotal point which has so long been moving eastward, is about to reverse the process, moving westward for another cycle during which what will be will be. The Orient is waking from its age-long slumber. It is taking on the exterior semblance and the internal freshness and vigor of a world which has been born anew. It is henceforward to bear with augmenting weight upon that end of the world-moving lever which is increasingly distant from the fulcrum.

Into what details the broad, general current of change will break up no man can forecast, but "things are scheduled to happen," and, as included among these, it may well be that certain unsightly Occidental chickens will come home to roost.

—*Rev. Edward G. Spencer in The Pacific Unitarian.*

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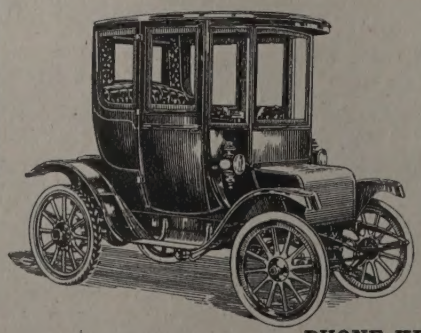

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